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THE PEACEMAKER OF ARGENTINA.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"The presence of a fortunate soldier, however disinterested he may be, is dangerous to a newly founded State. I have proclaimed the Independence of Peru. I have ceased to be a public man."—SAN MARTIN, Liberator of Chili, Peru and Argentina.

"Thou shalt be that which thou oughtst to be, or else thou shalt be nothing."—The motto of San Martin.

I.

From the light prow that cleared the placid bay,
And cool canoas, bathed in blissful airs,
Their white plumes rose above the purple quai
'Neath Lima's shouting towers. With ended prayers
And swelling hearts that climbed the mountain stairs,
And 'neath the vagrant boughs where orchids hung
And say-doves cooed, they gazed once more afar
On happy sails in melting mists of calms
'Mid quivering condors, pearl and cinnabar,
And distant sunlands, shadowy with palms,
And cheered again for Maypu's field of war!
Their flag uprose, and sunset lit the sea,
And then with lonely mien, and prophet's tongue,
Spake San Martin, who made three nations free:

II.

"Patriots, I go, and never to return;
I seek no honors for the work I've done:
Let me but see the sunset ocean burn,

And climb once more the Andes of the sun;
Three golden empires lift their hands to me
With titles, gifts and pomps of kings of old!
Did I accept them, I would not be free!
I fought for Right; I did not fight for gold.
A soldier should not live where he has won;
A shaft of living light his fame should be
That nought can shade! Farewell, Pacific sky!
Farewell, Peru! I go across the sea,—
With those who know me not,—to live and die,
But free in soul, now that my work is done!

III.

"And wouldst thou know the secret of my heart?
Fate gave these consecrated words to me:
'Thou shalt be what thou oughtst to be.' We part,
You to your hills, I to the alien sea.
I must be what in truth I ought to be.
The Ought of these strange words divinely given
First 'gainst Napoleon's eagles drew my sword,
That led my feet to these plateaus of heaven.
Now I descend obedient to that word.
I will be ought—that is my thought.
Those words like heaven's bells I still do hear,
And I must be, Chillanos, what I ought,
And what I ought, as yonder sun is clear,
This sword I ought to sheathe—I do it here!

IV.

"O happy Chili, of Llanios broad!
O bright Peru, whose ilexed temples high
Forever burn beneath the crowns of God!
O Argentina, throned amid the sky!
Our armies made Cordilleran condors fly
From highest peaks; conquistadors we swept
From irised halls of golden Incas old;
It was not I, but you who fought with me!
Your warm tears fall; so I for you once wept,
And drew my sword,—I did it not for gold!"
—They silent stood; the low Pacific burned
In fluent flames as touched the sun the sea;
Then to the hearts he loved as life he turned,
And once again a fond farewell breathed he:

V.

"To give to others all one has of life,
To seek from others nothing in award;
To turn unpurchased from the field of strife,
For honor sheathe as well as draw the sword:
This is the soldier of the fields of God!
Chillanos, I have shared the soldier's lot,
And slept with him upon the common sward,
And now 'tis best my name should be forgot!
I hold his life to be most wise and strong,
Who seeks advantage for himself no more,
Gives up his will, nor seeks for gold nor song,
Nor love, nor ease, but shuts 'gainst self the door!
'Tis more than rank to be a soldier true!
I only ask a soldier's grave, like you!"

VI.

Above him, 'gainst the irised clouds of fire,
The happy condors wheeled on shadowy wings
Now toward the ocean swells, now scaling higher,
The gold of sunshine scattering from their wings,
But screaming free, as though terrestrial things
Were but the lines of their transcendent flights.
He saw them beat the seas of liquid air,
And circling sweep above the crystal heights
Of frozen rainbows, cold fire opals, where
The ghosts of suns reflected lead the nights,
The winged Kings of all aerial powers,
No danger knowing, seeking naught to shun,
As free and glorious when the tempest lowers
As upward mounting 'gainst the walls of sun.

VII.

"Ye condors, swimming in the seas of sun
On wings that catch the earliest morning ray,
Who ne'er have rested since your flight began
Save on the crags that ocean torrents stay,
Whose eyes forever face the eye of day:
I have not rested. Condors, when ye fall
'Tis but to feed the nest, or crush the prey,
Or die alone on some sea-mountain wall
With spent wings spread. But when thy young shall soar
Thou hidest in the cloudlands far, and they
Impatient of the empty sky and shore,
Mount up, and fly forever, and obey
The higher law that independence brings,
And leave the lowering Andes 'neath their wings.

VIII.

"O, condor, condor of the skies; like thee,
The winged emblem of these realms of sun,
I leave the nest safe cradled by the sea
Nor seek to own it now my work is done,
Nor seek to profit by one victory won
For liberty and that young patriot brood,
Whose destiny is independent air;
It is enough to strive for others' good,
And for the same to go alone elsewhere;
We give up all complaints with our desires,
'Tis right to struggle and from struggles cease;
And all is won when one no more aspires,
We all possess when all we ask is peace,
The world is dust when we seek the wing release.

IX.

"I seek release, and if at last I fall
And bruise my breast upon the rocks and die,
It matters not; no shrine material
Of ebony gold could make this spent form lie
More sweetly than the simple blooms that hie
Out from the earth to meet the sun and air,
And breathe of faith in still airs wandering by;
The incarial blood that raised yon temples there
Shall lift these nations glorious from the dust.
If others reap the fields my sword has won
I am content to mount on wings of trust,
And leave my service, like the condor flown.
Chillanos brave, I seek the sails and sea,
I must indeed be what I ought to be!"

X.

He sunk the Cordilleras burning stairs,
Where friendly stars had once his armies led,
And caught the breath of Argentinian airs;
Saw the auroras of the Atlantic red;
Saw the shores fade, and so from glory fled;
Of empires three sought not a single gem,
To dim the cause that he had loved so well,
But counted worth life's richest diadem!
So, with his little daughter, fair Mercedes,

He came at last at Waterloo to dwell,
Apart from courts of Bourbon or of Guelf,
Incarial wealth, vice-regal pomps and bays:
The world had Kings, but he was not of them,
His love for man was greater than for self.

XI.

O Argentina, with Cordilleras crowned,
Of birdful bowers, and fragrances of balms,
A new born race that callest to abound!
In fructuous festals 'neath their ancient palms,
In ferial days when the getano charms,
And, reminiscent, sings of deeds of worth,
Thou dream'dst of him, and asked to build his mound!
— Grand was that day when Buenos Ayres' arms
Stretched toward the sea, to palace in the earth
Her hero's form. The panegyrics said,
The silver bells all tolling o'er the sea,
The nation weeping with uncovered head,
They bore him to the Throne of Liberty;
Dead yet alive,—a more than King was he!

XII.

In dreams I stood beside the wondrous tomb
Whose angels, Commerce, Industry, and Worth,
Had made for him the solid marbles bloom
And palaced him in their own argent earth,
And in my soul I felt the quickening birth
Of new desires that lowly soul may feel
To something do for human brotherhood;
And having done it from its dues to steal
Alone it may be, but for others' good;
Nor care to find in any inn a room,
And making, not for self, one last appeal,
Go home to God. I, as my steps depart,
Ask but the praise of an unselfish heart!
The end I leave with God, nor care to see;
"I must indeed be what I ought to be!"

THE CALL TO THE CHURCHES,

CONCERNING THE ABOLITION OF WAR.

BY REV. B. FAY MILLS.

An Address delivered at Ocean Grove, N. J., July 21st, at the
Mass Peace Convention.

The call to the churches in regard to the abolition of war is the same in character as regards her duty and opportunity concerning every political and social reform. In a word, it is the business of the Church to supply the spirit by which such reforms may be accomplished. It is never the work of the Church to supply methods for politics or society, but it is her duty to so teach and so live that every sort of moral transformation shall become a necessity. Without such a spirit of righteousness working by love, all reforms must be temporary and incomplete; with such a spirit, no reform can fail of the largest measure of permanent success. We have now in the United States all the constitutional means necessary for the peaceable transformation of this country in all desirable ways. And we can even change the constitution of our States and of the nation by peaceable methods when the spirit of the people will warrant it.

I shall assume to-night that we all agree that war should be abolished as fast as it can be shown to be for the moral welfare of humanity. And also that we all know that